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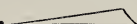
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GRADUATING ORATIONS

OF

SENIOR CLASS, 1901

Published by Junior Class, 1902

The Industrial Revolution in the South.

To the south of us—once separated from this section by a line traced in fratricidal blood, but now by only a vanishing shadow—lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. That part of our country known as ‘The South.’ There is centered all that can please and prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yielding to its people every product of the temperate zone.

At the close of the Revolutionary War we see the South yet in its infancy; a country rich in its undeveloped resources. Life was simple. The wants of a great majority of its inhabitants were comparatively few, and for many there was but little change in the mode of life.

Education of the poorer classes was practically neglected, the wealthier ones secured their education either from Northern or English schools as there were but few schools or colleges in the south at that time. And as for factories, they were extremely rare.

Agriculture was the chief pursuit, yet in the principal products, cotton, sugar and tobacco, but slow progress was made until 1793, when Whitney invented the cotton gin. Then began that great cycle of change. By it, cotton was made king,

and its production the chief industry of the south. In ten years, more than forty million pounds were being exported and each year saw an enormous increase. Great mills for the manufacture of cotton cloth were built in New England. And the keeping of the negro in bondage, which had previously been deplored by many of both sections of the country, was now found to be of southern interest, and labor soon became the badge of a servile class and condition.

The Southerners believed that their prosperity depended on the maintenance of slavery and free trade with Europe, while the north looked upon slavery as an evil, and fore-saw that the country would thrive better if its manufactures were protected by Legislation.

Considering the capabilities of the South as a supplier of raw material, not only for home use but for much of the outward commerce, we easily understand how dependent the north was upon it. On the other hand the South was equally dependent upon the north for manufactured articles.

But difference in belief and in business interests together with the results of the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, finally so strengthened the growth of bitter antagonism between them that both sides began preparing for the crisis. The great leaders of both sides—Clay, Webster and Calhoun—were dead; new men, Charles Sumner representing the north and Jefferson Davis the south, had taken their places in Congress where fierce battles were being fought in words which at last culminated in that great harvester of death, "The Civil War" lasting five years. At its close, southern soil had been enriched by the heart blood of two hundred thousand of her sons, fighting for a cause they believed to be just.

The country was virtually left peeled to the bone.

We talk of the piteous plight of Prussia at the end of The Seven Years' War and of France at the end of her revolution, but Prussia was left with a certain amount of currency and had no debts, France was left deeply in debt but she had her currency and her financial institutions; whereas the Confederates whose bank notes were now worthless, and whose currency and bonds were left without any government to back them, had

almost nothing to show for their past savings. And again they had been cursed by slavery, and not in all the imagining of the Arabian Nights is there any thing so startling as the sudden manumission of four million slaves, left to shift for themselves, without property, without mental training and with labor as their only resource. Facing all these difficulties the people, whose courage and fortitude we had already tested in five years of the fiercest war, did not give up in despair but amid the ashes and ruin of their homes they began that march of restoration that has awakened universal admiration.

By the discovery of her marl beds and phosphates, worn out cotton fields were fertilized and again made productive until now three-fourths of the cotton used in the world is grown in the South. The lumber trade alone, has more than trebled her trade and commerce, and her iron hills are gashed and swarm with workmen and today she not only controls the iron market of the north, but of England as well. In her broad bosom are also contained valuable gold and silver mines, enormous quantities of coal, and marble and granite of a fine quality now used in the public buildings of Washington and New York.

Railroads connect every point of importance and countless factories give it a still greater wealth.

Free schools have been established in all parts of the country and colleges equal to those of our own section. The colored race, too, is making rapid progress in education and by the aid of such men as Booker T. Washington is fast being uplifted.

In noted men she has been productive. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon, no geographer equaled Maury; and Simms and McDonald for a time led the world of surgery. It was Crawford Long of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anaesthesia. These are but a few of the men who have won fame that can claim that sunny land as their nativity.

The South is still held by a homogeneous people, who, in habits and character like the English, have ever been conservative. Upon them depends the future of their country. In courage and devotion they cannot surpass their fathers. But they will labor under new conditions, for greater ends, in broader fields. The blight of slavery has been lifted from about them

and today they stand in unhindered comradeship with the world. Doubt or aversion does not withhold the uttermost stranger from her gates. The promise of her great destiny, written in her fields, her mines, her forests and her rivers, is no longer blurred or indistinct, and the world draws near to read. As I think of her future possibilities a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people; her cities vast hives of industry; her streams vocal with whirling spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of an abundant harvest; her mountains, tunneled for the riches they contain, echoing the music of bells, as her flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her government just and her people true; her two races walking together in contentment. Peace and sobriety going hand in hand until there has been reached a glory unspeakable and the shades of night descend gently as from the wings of the unseen dove.

CHARLES AULT.



Joan of Arc.

To me has been given the pleasant task of presenting to you one of the world's heroines, France's defender and liberator, the simple-minded, pious-hearted Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Born of humble parentage, yet appearing with almost comet-like suddenness, she arose to startle her own countrymen, confuse her enemies and write her name indelibly upon the scroll of fame as a genius at least if not as has been claimed for her inspired.

Her sudden popularity seems extraordinary because of her humble birth. Of all the heroines such as the Countess of March, Queen Philippa, and even the self-sacrificing daughter

of Jephtha, most of them were of the nobler class. They lived in castles and were wives and daughters of noblemen, whose business being war were little less than robbers, but whose boast was their chivalry. Reared in such an atmosphere of adventure and daring, these women were not only more apt to become courageous, but had more opportunities to display their valor and, because of their social rank, receive praise even though unmerited. They did very little to uplift the plebeian people, but much to increase their burdens and oppress them.

Joan was as humble as any of her peasant people; so, although from lowliest environment greatest people often rise, it is with wonder and admiration that we again review her early life and note her rise to the renowned position which she with few friends and little or no influence obtained and always will retain in the memories of her admirers. You may still ask why her story is considered worth telling or should still have such power over the hearts of men. It is because we can never weary of a tale of unselfish patriotism, sublime self-sacrifice and touching piety, whose sanctity gives it an enduring freshness; just as ground once hallowed by religious rites retains its holiness forever. Such is the power of this simple history: such its authority over the heart.

Born in the obscure village of Domremy, Joan lived as a poor peasant girl, spinning, and sewing and nursing the sick. She was devout, gentle, beautiful, somewhat superstitious and fond of romantic adventures. The contrast between her and her century is the contrast between day and night. She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men; she was honest when honesty had become a lost virtue; she gave her mind to great thoughts, and great purposes possessed her when other great minds wasted themselves upon petty fancies or upon vain ambitions. She was,

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."

Joan's cottage home stood on the border of a mysterious woods where the children of the village drank in poetry and

legend. Thus she learned to love the old forest and its weird life; the birds and beasts came lovingly at her gentle call. Here she would listen to the church bells with a dreamy passion of delight; but at home one saw nothing but a peasant maid, simple and pleasant in her ways.

Thus nourished with legends and cradled in the inspiration of the church, Joan of Arc was exempt from those constitutional derangements to which young maids are usually subject, and became herself a living legend. But from the poetry of religion and superstition which insensibly sank into her soul and influenced her imagination she soon turned to a larger and to her age a nobler phase of life; to savage, fierce and fatal war. For she was destined soon to experience something of the reality of war and its anti-Christian horror. Her people were struggling against stronger England. She heard the cry of her oppressed countrymen. She was aroused by the burnings of patriotism within and felt herself strangely moved to espouse the apparently hopeless cause of her country. Believing that God could not always permit such intolerable woes, and according to an ancient legend, that a maid from the borders of Lorraine would free this land, Joan listened with quiet composure to the inspired voice of St. Michael entreating her to befriend the king and save his realm. For this shrinking, modest maid to mingle with rough soldiers, for this tender loving daughter to abandon her quiet home for the battle-field seemed not only unusual but impossible. Yet by constantly having her mission impressed on her mind she began to see its miraculous reasonableness, to comprehend its necessity, and, finally, to contemplate its possibility. For,

"So nigh is grandeur to the dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The youth replies "I can."

Armed with such determinations Joan undertook the accomplishment of her ardent aspiration—to raise the siege of Orleans and crown the Dauphin at Rheims. She traversed France, imposed her will on the king and plunged intrepidly into the rush of battle and the press of swords. Wounded often, discouraged

never, she rallied the disheartened soldiers and inspired them with new courage, thus fulfilling a part of her mission. But her work was not completed until she had delivered Orleans. This she did and was ever after known as the Maid of Orleans.

This saving of the French crown and nation accomplished by her is incomparably the greatest achievement in human history when one considers the conditions under which it was undertaken. Caesar carried conquest far, but with trained veterans. The Maid of Orleans unknown and with every opposition broke the chains and freed her country.

But alas behold her reward! She was doomed with Earth's greatest benefactors to suffer the pangs and reap the rewards of human ingratitude. She was betrayed into the hands of her enemies, but finally released to suffer greater wrongs at the hands of her friends. A Frenchman was her harshest judge; a Frenchman her bitterest accuser; French priests sought to entrap her; her French king deserted her. Alas for the age of Chivalry! Beauty, youth, modesty, patriotism—yet not a knight whom she had led to victory came to her rescue! Condemned as a heretic she was burned at the stake. Her martyrdom, therefore became the necessary close of her career. Through the ordeal of fire she passed to immortality. She saved her country; she sacrificed herself upon the altar of freedom: these are the title-deeds to an undying renown, to the love, gratitude and reverence of every true man and woman.

SARA SMITH.



Our Noblest Birthright.

Work is the birthright of the human race. It is not what some consider it a curse, a mark of degradation and servitude, but a benediction and the insignia of royalty. Earnest, constant activity is the law of life and there is needed all the force that enthusiasm can give to enable one to succeed in life's enterprises. To live, one must work, for there would be no development of the body or mind without it. When one ceases to work he ceases to live, hence corruption, decay and death are the results.

Work is of great antiquity, it having been given to the progenitor of our race to keep and care for the Garden of Eden. Being endowed as we are with such powers and possibilities and placed in a world where we can constantly rise if we only try, it behooves us to put forth our best efforts and make the most of life.

We read and learn of the people who have risen to places of honor and fame because of their constant perseverance. Who knows but that we may sometime be called to fill the places of the great men and women who are passing away each day, if we but take their advice and follow their course. It is true we meet many difficulties in our work, but with courage and inspired with enthusiasm we feel strong enough to face any danger and grapple with any difficulty. The brave man will not be baffled but tries and tries again, until he succeeds. The tree does not fall with the first stroke of the ax but with repeated ones.

The man who works without an aim becomes a mere machine, stupid and devoid of both mental and physical growth. By grasping and putting into practice ideas that come to us, we see the wonderful advances in mechanical devices and in science. Possibly there never has lived a man who has excited more comment than Benjamin Franklin, his discoveries making his name respected throughout the scientific world.

There seems to be no place in life where thought will not reduce labor. Three-fourths of the average civilized man's life must be spent for the support of himself. Work is necessary to his welfare, yet many people take work as they take bitter medicine under protest or with a grimace. But it is work that develops manhood, and the perfected state of man will appear when he has finished his appropriate work. There is more work accomplished today than ever before: more work of brain and more of muscle.

One of life's essentials is true pride in our occupation, however lowly it may be if it is honest. Constantly we see people suffering for the necessities of life because they are too proud to do some honest manual labor. Beggars wander through the streets, because in childhood they were taught that only professional or office work was respected, and it would lower their dignity to hold a plow or drive a plane. Pride is a most excellent thing in its place but it is often assumed. Peter the Great, though Czar of all the Russians, was never so great as, when in order to elevate his half-savage countrymen by inducing them to become ship builders he laid aside his royal robes, disguising himself as an humble workman, he entered the East India Company's dockyards to learn the art of shipbuilding for their sake. He lived in their lowly lodgings and ate their humble food and in this way it became a royal occupation to all the noble minded Russians. The person who is above labor or despises the laborer is himself a most despicable person. The noblest thing in the world is work. Wise labor brings order, builds cities, it distinguishes barbarism from civilization; it assures success.

No man has a right to a fortune or, to expect success unless he is willing to work for it. Garfield once said: "If the power to do hard work is not talent it is the best possible substitute for it." That work is the duty of every man that it ennoble him, should be taught in every school and proclaimed in every church.

In every community we find men unwilling to work because they think the world owes them a living and they ought to step directly to eminence without work. The struggle is the condition of the victory. If there were no temptations there would

be no training in self-control and but little merit in virtue. It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success, they more often succeed through failure. The lives of some of the greatest men have been a continuous struggle with labor and difficulties, and their work inspired by duty has been done amidst suffering which brought to light their hidden graces. If one reads the life of Abraham Lincoln he becomes thoroughly convinced that our possibilities are indeed very great. He is probably the most remarkable example on the pages of history showing what this, our country may sometime accomplish.

Thus we see that difficulty, adversity and suffering are not all evil, but often the source of strength, discipline and virtue. Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they cannot be discovered from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity of which the prosperous man does not dream. We need affliction as the trees need winter, that we may collect sap and nourishment for future blossoms and fruit. Sorrow is as necessary for the soul as medicine is for the body.

"The path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

The adversities of today are a preparatory school for the higher learning.

So it is often advantageous to a man to be under the necessity of having to struggle with poverty, its inconveniences and burdens.

A noble work though many of us do not regard it as such, is that of the missionary. Many are the hardships and trials with which they contend. But few have struggled to gain success as did the world's renowned missionary and explorer, Livingston. He once said: "It would be a pleasure to begin such a life as mine over again in the same lowly manner and experience the same hardy training, simply for the lesson it may teach." Such is the spirit that makes our heroes.

Do not then shrink from your work nor despair of your lowly surroundings. God designed us for noble purposes and placed us in the trial world to develop the best that is in us by giving

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us each a work to do. Do not disappoint Him and shame yourself by asking for an easier task, but do the work at your hand and do it well.

Thus step by step you will be led up to nobler tasks and greater usefulness with a name worthy of rank among the immortals, for Heaven is to garner at last the best productions of earth for its great universal exposition.

JESSIE SMITH.



The Necessity of Application.

Among the deepest and most important thoughts that agitate the minds of humanity, none is greater or more vital than the question, How can we make the most of life? As we come to the years of understanding and responsibility, we all find ourselves in a world where the prizes and rewards of labor are very unequally distributed.

We look about and see a portion of our fellow men reveling in plenty and luxury and another portion groveling in poverty and misery. We also find that the conditions of success, with few exceptions, lie open to all alike, and that the laws and elements of nature are perfectly impartial in their operations. Why, then, are not all alike successful and happy or what makes the difference between the two classes? In answering these questions some will talk about good and bad luck, others of external surroundings and influences, but we lay it down as one of the fundamental facts of life that every man can be something and do something worthy of himself and his opportunities, if, in the first place he knows how to go to work and then applies himself until he accomplishes his chosen object.

It has been well said "That the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well," that is, by faithful and conscientious application of the mind and heart to whatever you may do.

But every man inheriting such powers and possibilities from his omnipotent Maker can by the proper cultivation and training of these powers, and by the diligent use of all the means within his reach be both fortunate and successful in business, family and social life.

We often hear one say "If I had lived in other days it would have been different with me." But such reasoning and murmuring never yet led to success in any undertaking or enterprise. If you wish to succeed, you must do as you would to get in at a door through a crowd; hold your ground and push ahead.

No man should ask whether he is a genius or not, but, go to work honestly and steadily, and if he has but moderate ability application will at least partly supply the deficiency.

What many men want is not talent but purpose, not the power to achieve; but the will to labor, for, it is known according to the application of one's ability that success or failure follows.

There was never a time in the world's history when force of will was more necessary to success than now. People are multiplying rapidly, the earth is becoming more thickly settled, knowledge has increased, and the number of contestants for every prize grows more formidable. Nearly every kind of business is overdone, the professions are crowded, and the only way in which one can do anything or to succeed at all, is by the exercise of the greatest patience and heroic application.

The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but by the right application of swiftness and strength to the object in view, most anyone can achieve success, for the world in general is won by doing the right thing, in the right way and at the right time.

Any work that is worthy of us has its hardships; but what work is there whose difficulties cannot be overcome by unwearied application.

Sometimes the reward of the faithful endeavor fails, either ability or opportunity may be wanting. Many times causes intervene which cannot be anticipated, but with persistent effort all can be done. Not in a day nor a year; but by constant application it will be a form of growth and proceed slowly, and by doing each day what we can do by thoughtfulness in every least thing as well as in every greatest thing the sublime result will at length be acquired.

The supreme agency for gaining success in any calling is the mind, but a great mistake made by many is in thinking the cause to be labor.

Success is the greatest in the production of wealth and in attaining any worthy vocation, for the product of a few brains is now doing by far the largest and most important part of the world's work in this the twentieth century. The very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value, for an hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, would, if profitably employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far toward mastering a complete science.

Thus it has been shown what moderate powers may accomplish unaided by anything except perseverance and energy, as hand in hand they assist each other in the realms of learning. When these are displayed amidst the competition of public life, one will have a higher degree and will gain more, equipped with a thorough common school education, than a college graduate without them. A person endowed with energy is always ready when duty calls; he decides quickly, acts promptly and perseverance keeps up his energy till the task is accomplished. To this is due the success of such men as Washington, Franklin and Lincoln.

It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, picture after picture with the painter, and even failure after failure with the poet and writer, that at length wins this prize that most men are seeking—success.

CARRIE GOODING.

Woman Poets.

Poetry is both an inspiration and an art. The greater part of that which is now produced is made, not born. The dainty, musical measures, which are now the fashion because they claim novelty or reproduce a style so old that it seems new, perhaps will soon be forgotten or ignored. Poetry that is simple and natural, appealing to the heart rather than to the head may last when elaborate, pretentious poetry shall have passed away. Criticism nor contemporary popularity can decide such questions. Much of the poetry written by women, is tender, feminine and often highly artistic. They sing mostly for expression's sake often excelling the sterner sex in portraying the finer details of life and nature. What we most admire in woman's poetry is the spirit of true womanliness which is generally so prominent. It appeals to the best of one's soul. The moral of woman's verse is always elevating. Until comparatively late years, women did not enter the field of Literature in any numbers. Formerly the pursuit of Literature was thought to "unsex" a woman, and only women in whom Genius was a propelling force could break down this barrier, but now it is considered to elevate and honor her.

To me has been given the pleasant task of sketching the character and work of a few of the real woman poets. In all my research I have not found a more charming character than our own Helen Hunt Jackson, who is spoken of as "the finest woman poet of America. She was a brilliant woman, perhaps the intellectuality, which pervades her poems, somewhat represses the intenseness of her feeling. They lack variety, which shows

that the muse was not always dominant, but are grave and earnest as,

"Blind-folded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law unseen, and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill
Not as I will."

Of Mrs. Hemans it is said, "Few have written so much and so well as she." Celia Thaxter, the daughter of the isles, portrays the charms of northern coast life. Her poems are full of the dash and shimmer of the sea, beautiful pictures of the deep, and glowing thoughts of the heart. Each school-boy and girl is familiar with—

"Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I."

A favorite of the younger people is Mary Mapes Dodge who comes to us with verses sweet and tender. She has the gift of seeing straight into the hearts of the children. The poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary—two of Ohio's fair jewels—are beautiful and dear to us all. Few women have written more successfully than Alice Cary. She is, indeed, the sweet singer of the heart. We all love her *Memory's Pictures*, and I quote from her immortal poem "Nobility."

"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do, by and by;
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth;
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth."

The sweet and gracious Phoebe Cary has written, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought, Comes to me, o'er and o'er," and in 'The Old Homestead,' which is one of her best poems, says:

Our Homestead had an ample hearth
Where at night we loved to meet.
There my mother's voice was always kind
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my Father's knee
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hands in his raven hair,
That hair is silver now.
But that broad hearth's light—
Oh! that broad hearth's light
And my Father's look and my Mother's smile
They are in my heart tonight."

In all the poetry of the Cary sisters there is hope and comfort as well as advice and help. When the voice of Mrs. Browning became silent, the poems of Jean Ingelow were heard—her works are popular in America as well as England, they are tuneful and blithe and moved by the tenderest currents of life, as a quotation from her "Songs of Seven" will illustrate.

"Heigh-ho! daisies and butter-cups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure
Smile's passing its measure
God, that is over us all."

In his Victorian Poets, Stedman says, in speaking of Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow and Adelaide Proctor,

"These women with their melodious voices, spotless hearts and holy aspirations, are the priestesses of the Oracle. Their ministry is sacred, in their presence the most irreverent become subdued." Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Fanny Crosby, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Preston who with Mrs. Webster, may be called a pupil of Browning, Mrs. Sangster and many others worthy of honor and praise, whose names are recorded in the book of Fame, are appreciated by us. But there has probably lived within the past century, no woman whose genius, character and position are more full of interest than Mrs. Brownings—the Queen of Woman Poets—whom the English love to call Shakespeare's daughter. She was not only far above all the female poets of her age,

but ranked with the first poets. Her theory of poetry was, that it is but the expression of the poet's inner nature. To know Mrs. Browning we must study her poetry which reveals her character. As a result we shall find that her genius, far from marring, ennobled and exalted her womanhood. She has written that which is full of beauty and power. She was an inspired poet, her soul is in her poetry. Humor is curiously absent, but of wit and satire she has an abundance. A religious love and worship pervade her poetry. *Aurora Leigh*, although an uneven production, contains fine poetry and learned and beautiful illustrations. Her holy lyric, "He Giveth his Beloved Sleep," has soothed many a dying one and is associated in our hearts with sacred memories. In many respects Mrs. Browning was the noblest poet of our times. Almost all her life she was an invalid yet her affliction only served to develop her poetic genius and give to the world that which betters it. We find that those lives crushed by sorrow yield the sweetest perfume. During Mrs. Browning's life, it appeared that some angelic voice was speaking through her and it seemed to those around her as if she died beholding

"in jasper-stone as clear as glass,
The first foundations of that new, near Day
Which should be builded out of Heaven to God."

GRACE ATKINSON.



Virgil and His Age.

Nineteen hundred and seventy-one years ago, during the Augustan age, an age favorable to literary works, an age of peace under which literature finds its greatest development and an age of power and glory of Rome, Virgil the well-known Roman poet was born on the nineteenth day of October on the banks of the Mincio, on a farm not far from Mantua.

His childhood days, which he recalls with affection both in the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* seem never to have been forgotten by the young poet.

He received a good education studying first at Cremona an old Latin Colony and later at Milan, after studying under a Rhetorician, who was probably about the same time the teacher of the future emperor; he proceeded to the study of philosophy under Syron the Epicurean, who appears to have had the gift of inspiring enthusiasm in his pupil and affection for himself.

For the first half of his life he prepared himself to be the great poet of his time and country.

The second half was a religious consecration of all his powers of heart, mind and spirit to his high office. The great work which he accomplished was the result of the steady devotion of genius undistracted by pleasure or business to his appointed task.

His right to rank among the great poets of the world has been disputed only during the first half of the present century by eminent German and English critics. The German mind has always been more in sympathy with the art and genius of Greece than of Rome and Italy, and during the first half of the present century when English criticism first came under German influence, there was a strong reaction from the deference paid to those writers who had moulded literary taste in the previous century. At the present time the effect of this reaction shows itself only in a more just estimate of Virgil's relative position among the poets of the world.

If we could imagine the place of Virgil in Roman literature vacant, it would be much the same as if we imagined Dante vacant in modern Italian and Goethe in German literature. In him the serious efforts of the early Roman literature—the serious efforts of the older epic and tragic poetry—found their fulfillment.

Of what happened to Virgil in the interval during which the first civil war took place and Julius Caesar was assassinated we have no indication from testimony or from his own writings. We might suppose that this was a time of studious leisure passed in his father's house in the country as Milton's life was passed after leaving Cambridge.

But during the battle of Philippi 42 B. C. when he was twenty-eight years of age we find him leading such a life, "cultivating his woodland muse," and enjoying the protection of Asimis Pollio, the governor of the district north of the Po, a beautiful river in Northern Italy. The following year the famous confiscation of land for the benefit of the soldiers took place.

From this trouble arose and Virgil was compelled to take his father and family to the small country house of his old teacher Syron. Afterwards he lived in Rome enjoying the favor of Maecenas and soon afterwards with Horace his most intimate friend.

Virgil's fame as a poet rests on the three acknowledged works of his early and mature manhood—the pastoral poems or the Eclogues, the Georgics and the Aeneid. The Eclogues were commenced in his native district but were completed in Rome. The last ten years of his life were spent in the composition of the Aeneid. After the Aeneid was completed but not entirely corrected he set out for Athens, intending to pass three years in Greece and Asia and to devote this time in making the Aeneid more perfect. At Athens he met Augustus and being persuaded by him went to Italy. While visiting at Megara under a burning sun, he was seized with illness and growing rapidly worse soon died at Brundisium on the 21st day of September at the age of fifty-one. During his last illness he called for the case containing his manuscripts with the intention of burning the Aeneid; but this was prevented by the emperor. The first printed edition of this appeared about 1469. Since then copies almost innumerable have been edited; these have been, and doubtless will be translated by scholars of every country and period, while Virgil lies buried at Naples where his tomb is regarded with religious reverence and visited as a temple. This respect is a survival of the feeling with which he was regarded in his life time and is greater than that attached to the memory of any other ancient poet.

MARY SHELTON.

Latin--Its Uses.

Ought or ought not all high school pupils to study Latin? Many educated people believe and say that studying Latin is a waste of time, and that it should at least not be compulsory. Surely such persons have not thoroughly investigated the subject.

There are, of course, many kinds of students in a high school, varying widely in the amount of work they do and in the future toward which they are working; and it is freely admitted that Latin is not of great benefit to those who never do any studying which they can avoid, and whose chief aim is to finish school as easily and speedily as possible. Yet Latin is of as much benefit to them as any other branch of learning, since for one or two years it is nearly all memory work and oral class drills, in which even the most unambitious must participate.

Another class of students goes to college and to those schools which train for the higher professions. To them Latin is unquestionably of great value, because the technical language of the lawyer, the physician, and the scientist is almost wholly derived from Latin, and because of the useful mental training which the study of it affords.

Only a small proportion of those who graduate enter these professions. How does Latin prove useful to those who do honest work in school, but do not intend to enter one of the higher professions after graduation?

A noted Latin specialist has said that he is convinced that the study of Latin aids greatly in developing the mind to habits of intellectual conscientiousness, patience, discrimination, accuracy, and thoroughness,—in a word, to habits of clear and sound thinking. Such qualities are essential to the well trained mind which every one, in every walk of life, ought to have.

The boy who is going to be a business man or a farmer, must be intelligent about accounts and about agriculture. But

if he wants to amount to something in the world he must take care that his mathematical faculty, his practical common sense and his business abilities do not over-shadow and destroy his originality, and his interest in other people's and nations' struggles on the world's broad field of battle.

Wide reading and the study of languages are the most important factors in cultivating free and open-minded thinking and reasoning powers. By means of them a man may become a leader of his associates. Always the serious and firm-minded thinker, who can talk well and act decisively is prominent among his acquaintances, and gains respect from his friends and from his enemies. The study of Latin, and the broad reading which it induces, make men like this.

Is it advisable that girls should study Latin? Certainly it is. A great many years ago they were given very little education of any kind, and were almost never taught Latin, which was supposed to be far beyond their mental grasp. The great and learned Milton, who wrote books and pamphlets in Latin as readily as in English, refused to teach his daughters Latin because he believed one tongue to be enough for a woman. His rather uncomplimentary opinion is not popular in these days of women's clubs and co-educational colleges. In our times a woman is expected to be as cultured, as broad-minded, as intelligent, and nearly as eloquent as a man. Girls study what their brothers do as a matter of course, and have fully proved their mental equality.

Latin is the foundation of most modern languages. French, Spanish and Italian can all be easily learned with an ordinary knowledge of Latin grammar and a moderate Latin vocabulary. Not all of us have use for these languages, but consider what a help Latin is to our understanding of English. The principles of English grammar are easily remembered and understood when one knows Latin grammar well, and since sixty per cent of the words of our mother tongue are derived from Latin, the Latinist has a ready means of defining a strange English word. His English becomes more sonorous and dignified, and he avoids slang and colloquialisms. No one denies that

school children should learn to use good English, and Latin is essential to a thorough understanding of it.

Latin is a dead language, and yet it lives,—lives in the Romance languages of Europe, lives in more than half of the words of our own English, which may some day be the language of the entire world, and lives in the immortal works of those great authors whose names can never be forgotten: Horace, Livy, Cicero and Virgil. Even the school boy and school girl feels the beauty and poetic thought in that part of the Aeneid from which these lines are translated:

"Sheltered from winds the haven is and vast,
But near by, Etna thunders with terrific blast
And sometimes toward the sky a dark cloud pours,
Fumes with black smoke-wreaths and with red
embers glowers,
And lifts up balls of fire and plays around the stars.
Again, stone and the mount's torn vitals upward whirls
And melted rock with hollow groan toward heaven hurls,
And from its lowest depth boils out with hideous sound.
Tradition is that under this rocky mass is buried deep
Giant Enceladus, charred by lightning, in uneasy sleep,
And as often as his weary side he shifts
All Sicily quakes, and lines the sky with smoky rifts
And through bursting craters Etna breathes hot flames."

Translations cannot show the beautiful idiom and musical rhythm of the great Greek and Latin authors' famous poems, and for the sake of good literature the dead languages must not be forgotten.

EDITH GRISWOLD.



What Hath Electricity Wrought?

Fairies, fays, sprites, genii, &c. were once supposed to be helpful to some favored mew. The stories about these imaginary beings have always had a fascinating interest. The most famous of these stories were told at Bagdad in the eleventh century and were called Arabian Nights Entertainment. Then men were supposed to use all manner of obedient powers, sorceries, trick and genii to aid them in getting wealth, fame and

beautiful brides. But I find the realities of today far greater and more interesting than the imaginations of the past. The powers that work about us are far more kindly and powerful than the slave of the Ring or of the Lamp.

I am to speak of Electricity the most mysterious of all forces yet the most potential and fascinating. I shall not attempt scientific definitions but simply give some of the results of its practical application. Electrical phenomena have come to be such important factors in the civilized world that we may truly call the age in which we live the age of Electricity, just as former ones have been called the ages of stone, bronze, iron and steam. The term electrical was first used in 1600 by Dr. Gilbert to point out the attraction which amber and other substances of its kind exhibit when brought close to lighter substances such as bits of pith and paper. From that time up to this day Electricity has been steadily advancing and becoming a greater factor in civilization. Between the years 1600 and 1820 the chief discoveries were machines used for measuring electricity. The most important event in the Electrical world in the time intervening was the discovery by the Danish Philosopher Oerstead that the energy of an Electric current could be converted into mechanical power; this had been found out by simple experiments. There had been no machine invented for using this discovery until on Christmas morning of the year 1821 Michael Faraday brought to light the first Electric motor ever invented which could use Oerstead's discovery to an advantage, this was the forerunner of all the great appliances that are carried out through the conversion of an Electrical current into mechanical power. Soon after this discovery the Dynamo was invented, the Telegraph, the use of Electricity for lighting purposes and many other things were discovered which the people of to-day could not do without but which a century ago were neither known nor heard of. When I speak of the application of Electricity to our methods of transportation I speak of its greatest use.

It has come to be an assured fact from the experiments already made that soon many of our railway trains will be run by Electricity and the train lighted by attaching a Dynamo to the

wheel of the car. The stopping of trains by a system of Electric blocks when in general use will make collisions impossible. The Electrical appliances of the last twenty-five years have made it possible for our street cars to move rapidly and with greater ease than by Mule or Horse; yet it may be that our Electrical vehicles will soon almost supercede both Railways and Street Cars as heavy traffic is now being carried on cheaper and more satisfactory than by Horse. For pleasure the Automobile has come to stay and an Automobile Tricycle is now much used. Among the latest things is an Automotor Horse driven by a battery inside and made to draw heavy loads. But Electrical advancement is not circumscribed by land, our Ocean and River vessels are all supplied with dynamos by which some of them are operated and all lighted. The great Searchlight that can penetrate the darkness to a distance of ninety miles has greatly added to the safety and convenience of sea going vessels. The submarine Arc light is used by the Diver. The light houses and light ships are greatly improved in their efficiency by the use of Electricity.

Electrical buoys and alarms take the place of old systems and one of the latest inventions enables a vessel to determine the exact direction of sound at sea and thus prevent collisions in time of fog; and our Northern seas are now traversed in mid-winter by Electric ice boats. If we have reached perfection in any direction in the use of Electricity it is in our methods of communication. The Telegraph has been in rather common use for more than a half century and we could stretch our telegraph wires nearly twenty times around the Globe and two hundred thousand miles of Ocean cable has been laid; but by far the most common method of communication is the Telephone. Soon all our homes will be connected and the commonwealth thus become a great community. Neither is this all, by using the Phonograph Electrically we can bottle up the voice of our distant or near friends for future generations and by the use of a late invention we may see our distant friends face to face while we converse with them: and now comes the long distance Type-writer. But still more wonderful than all these is the wireless Telegraphy by which communication is carried on without any

connection whatever and neither mountain nor sea is a hindrance.

The Medical profession is not slow to see the benefits to be derived from this mysterious servant. Electro Therapeutics is being advanced by noting the similarity between Electrical and nerve currents and such diseases as Rheumatism, Gout, &c. are being treated by enclosing the patient a short time each day in an Electrical magnetic field until improvement is affected. Many claim that tubercular germs can be destroyed by the use of the X rays. Inserting a small light into the throat aids the Physician in the treatment of throat diseases. Surgical saws and other instruments are being driven by Electricity and it is being used in the treatment of sewage and for the purpose of destroying germs in general rather common use is being made of the X rays and much benefit is being derived from such use. As a Domestic commodity Electricity has not yet come into general use but many of our modern homes are heated and lighted with it and upon the same wire light and heat and Telephone connection may be secured. One of the latest uses of Electricity is its application to the culinary art. Regular heat is imparted and it is said that the most nearly perfect cooking is done by Electricity and should the housewife find her water-pipes frozen some winter morning, by turning the current onto them she may have them perfectly thawed without the aid of a plumber.

Then by attaching a wire to a patent floor scrubber this burdensome task may be easily performed. The farmer also is being greatly helped and his burdens lightened by the discoveries of science. Soil treated Electrically is made more productive. The complex and simple elements of the soil are thus mixed greatly to its advantage; vegetables are also grown by Electrical contact more quickly and vigorously than without. The plow is driven by a motor, horses and sheep sheared and rain making has reached a point beyond experiment. Such general use is being made of Electricity that I must not attempt to specify further nor go far afield. It is safe to say however that all branches of industry and every phase of life is made to feel its magnetic touch. The burglar uses it in his dark business, bridges of steel are wrecked by it; in Iron and Glass making its use is common as the most intense heat known is produced by it.

In war it seems almost a necessity—the great guns on sea and land are electrically operated. Mines are lighted and coal dug and hauled by it. Our weather bureau and signal service could not be operated without it and the newspapers are supplied with the worlds doings by this hasty messenger.

I dare not prophesy much as to the future of Electricity for developments may out run prophecy. It may make wars to cease. By its deadly use a gun is now made that will throw deadly currents a hundred miles. The transmission by currents through the air will do away with the Telegraph and Cable. We shall gather up the escaped currents from the trolley and utilize them upon the farm and in the home. We shall have suspended trolleys running at the rate of from one to two hundred miles an hour. Electrical farming will be an experiment no longer; we shall have perfect cooking and fewer divorces. The Cinematograph Daily will bring the world in living pictures to our homes each morning. We will utilize the suns rays and the heat of the tropics. Not only Niagara but every running stream will be harnessed and most of man's work be done by this marvelous power that is lying all about us only waiting to be harnessed that it may serve us. I am persuaded that the ideal farm of the future will be an Electrical farm. And as I contemplate its possibilities I am led to believe that it will play a great part in the bringing in of the ideal age of man when home, city and world will be as far as possible what Electricity can make them.

It is for the youth of this generation to become the great thinkers and inventors of the next. There are amazing powers just waiting to be revealed. Draw aside the curtain. We have not yet learned the A. B. C. of science; we have not yet grasped the scepter of provided dominion. Those who are most in the image and likeness of the cause of these forces are most likely to do it. Like timid children we have peered into the school house afraid of the unknown master; if we will but enter we shall find that the Master is our Father and that he has fitted up this house out of his own infinite wisdom, skill and love that we may be like him in wisdom and power as well as love.

HARRY JOHN WILSON.

A Messenger to Garcia.

Nations and people are ever making history, and it sometimes becomes the duty of a nation, as well as the individual, to lend a helping hand.

The battle is always on between the right and the wrong, the old and the new ; with an ever increasing sentiment in favor of right and justice.

Old superstitions and customs are passing, giving place to newer larger things, and men are growing broader in thought and feeling, and more humane in their dealings.

The events of the year 1898 gave to our country the opportunity of giving aid to, and freeing enslaved Cuba. Foremost among her own champions for liberty was one, Calixto Garcia. He was born in Holyuin, Cuba, in the year 1840, and more than half his life had been spent in trying to overthrow Spanish rule over the island. When the blowing up of the Maine involved our country in the war, he, with a band of insurgents, was hidden somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba.

The War Department decided to send an agent to General Garcia, to find out what co-operation might be expected of the insurgents, should we invade Cuba. The man chosen for this mission was Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, a Virginian, and a graduate of West Point in the class of 1881. His story of the journey is that of a man who is unconscious that he has done anything remarkable, and to whom daring and hardship are matters of course, when they are necessary to the discharge of duty. Let us remember that he took the message without so much as asking for advice or direction ; but depending upon his own courage and skill, set out to find Garcia. For three weeks he was exposed to all the dangers which a state of war brings a dispatch-bearer who enters the enemy's country. Sleeping on stone ballast in the bottom of an open boat, climbing on foot

through thickets, riding over abandoned roads and through unbroken forests, exposed to wind and sun and waves for two days, in a boat so small that the occupants were forced to sit upright and be continually on the watch for the enemy—these are the experiences of Lieutenant Rowan in finding General Garcia. For this heroic service he was rewarded by the War Department with a promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The world has had many faithful messengers, men and women who have endured privation and toil, and overcome great obstacles that they might accomplish that which they purposed, and thus have found their Garcia.

There is so much of indifference and inattention, so much half-hearted work on the part of employes, that there is a constant weeding out process going on in every large establishment. The employer is always on the lookout for those who are most efficient, for a man who can be trusted, who will faithfully carry a message to Garcia. It is not necessary to be a genius in order to do great things. It is said that the geniuses of a century can be counted on one's fingers. Lincoln was not a genius; neither was Grant, and who would say that they were not truly great? To many are given talents which enable them to take leading positions with but little effort; but there are many more who have neither genius nor talent, and yet, under these conditions, have attained places of honor and usefulness.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

In order to achieve, there must be some motive power. No piece of machinery, no matter how well designed and constructed, does its work until it is properly adjusted and brought into connection with powers to move it. In shops and mills you will find shafts and pulleys arranged, over which pass bands, by means of which the power is transmitted to the apparatus which is to perform the work. The shaft is not the power, but only the instrument by which the power is brought to the work to be accomplished, and the power in some other part of the building keeps this shaft constantly in motion. So, running through our

lives, there must be a shaft of some ruling purpose, ready to communicate the energies of mind and heart to our activities.

The industrial conditions of the world today have made a demand for men, not only of brains, but of character.

The commercial world calls for men who are energetic and trustworthy. The Scientific world will yield abundantly to him who will devote his time to solving its mysteries. There is great need in the political world for men; men who cannot be bought; who will not give their influence to the wrong, to obtain place or power, or paltry gain. In Journalism men are needed who are not afraid to stand up for the truth and right, and in the work-a-day world there is great demand for the methodical careful worker; who will do his work as well in the absence, as in the presence of his employer. In all these things and many others, the man is needed who can and will carry a message to Garcia.

Charles Dickens said, "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart and soul to do well. Whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest." Herein is the secret of his success in life, and it will apply to anyone who will devote himself to his work, doing thoroughly and well every day the work assigned him; who will think no task too trivial to be done well. He who does well the smaller duties will soon be trusted with greater things.

What the world needs today is men and women who are the soul of honesty, sincerity and trustworthiness; who know what they want, and what they believe; who are not afraid to work for what they want; who do not fear to say what they think, and who have the courage to stand up for what they believe. Such a man can attain almost anything to which he may aspire. In every profession, in every calling such a man is needed; the man who can be a messenger to Garcia. 'Tis refreshing to study the character of such a man as Lieutenant Rowan—to feel that the day of chivalry is not past, and patriotism is not dead; but while such persons are so rare as to be conspicuous, I wish that his spirit might possess us all—for the combat ever deepens, and to each succeeding generation comes enlarged opportunity

and increased responsibilities. The old must die, the new succeed, and a better day dawn upon the race. See the open hand of destiny presenting to us our mission, hear its voice, bidding us find all who struggle and wait; and bearing to them a message of hope, inspire them anew, that with our strength, and their courage, the battle may be fought to the victory. Then at life's close we shall turn from its weary way, with the consciousness that we have faithfully delivered our message, and receive from the Great War Department our promotion and heaven's "well done."

DAVID C. WELLING.





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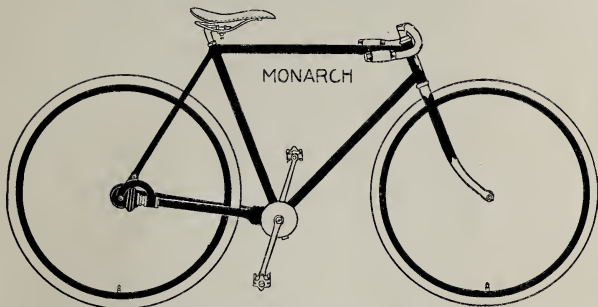
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
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